



WHERE THERE'S A WILL

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE, The MAN IN THE LOWER TEN, WHEN A MAN MARRIES

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR BERT SMITH

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SYNOPSIS.
Minnie, springhouse girl at Hope sanatorium, tells the story. It opens with the arrival of Miss Patty Jennings, who is reported to be engaged to marry a prince, and the death of the old doctor who owns the sanatorium. The estate is left to a man named Dick, who is a cousin of the doctor's. Dick is a man of means, and he is reported to be engaged to marry a princess. The story follows the lives of the people at the sanatorium, and the lives of the people in the town of Hope.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.
At half past five I just about gave up. It was dark outside, and nothing inside but a faint light. Suddenly I seemed to feel somebody looking at the back of my neck and I turned around. There was a man standing outside one of the windows, staring in. My first thought, of course, was that it was Mr. Dick, but just as the face vanished I saw that it wasn't. It was older by three or four years than Mr. Dick's and a bit fuller.

I'm not nervous. I've had to hold my own against chronic grouches long to have nerve, so I went to the door and looked out. The man came around the corner just then and I could see him plainly in the twilight. He was covered with snow, and he wore a sweater and no overcoat, but he looked like a gentleman.

"I beg your pardon for spying," he said, "but the fire looked so snug! I've been trying to get to the hotel over there, but in the dark I've lost the path."

"That's not a hotel," I snapped, for that touched me on the raw. "That's Hope Springs Sanatorium, and this is one of the springs. You'd better come in and get warm."

He shut the door behind him and came over to the fire.
"How pretty well frozen," he said. "Don't be astonished if I melt before your eyes; I've been walking for hours."

Now that I had a better chance to see him I sized up that drawn look around his mouth.
"Missed your luncheon, I suppose," I said, poking the fire log. He grinned rather sheepishly.

"Well, I haven't had any, and I've certainly missed it," he said. "Pasting healthy, you know?"
"Nothing's healthy that isn't natural," I declared. "If you'd care for a dish of buttered and salted popcorn, there's some on the mantel. It's pretty salty; the idea is to make folks thirsty so they'll enjoy the mineral water."

"Think of raising a thirst only to drown it with spring water!" he said. But he got the popcorn and ate it all. If he hadn't had any luncheon he hadn't had much breakfast. The queer part was—he was a gentleman; his clothes were the right sort, but he had on patent leather shoes in all that snow and an automobile cap.

I put away the glass while he ate. Pretty soon he looked up and the drawn lines were gone. He wasn't like Mr. Dick, but he was the same type, only taller and heavier built.
"And so it isn't a hotel," he remarked. "Well, I'm sorry. The caravansary in the village is not to my liking, and I had thought of engaging a suite up here. My secretary usually attends to

these things, but—don't take away all the glances, I beg your pardon—but the thirst is coming!"
He filled the glass himself and then he came up and stood in front of me with the glass held up in the air.
"To the best woman I have met in many days," he said, "and most serious. I was about to lie down and let the little birds cover me with leaves." Then he glanced at the empty dish and smiled. "To buttered popcorn. Long may it wave!" he said, and emptied the glass.

Well, I found a couple of apples in my pantry and brought them out, and after he ate them he told me what had happened to him. He had been a little of everything since he left college—he was about twenty-five—had crossed the Atlantic in a catboat and gone with somebody or other into some part of Africa—they got lost and had to eat each other or lizards,

or something like that—and then he went to the Philippines, and got stuck there and had to sell books to get home. He had a little money, "enough for a grubstake," he said, and all his folks were dead. Then a college friend of his wrote a rural play called "Sweet Peas"—"Great title, don't you think?" he asked—and he put up all the money. It would have been a hit, he said, but the kid in the play—the one that unites his parents in the last act just before he dies of tuberculosis—the kid took the mumps and looked as if, instead of fading away, he was going to blow up. Everybody was so afraid of him that they let him die alone for three nights in the middle of the stage. Then the leading woman took the mumps, and the sheriff took everything else.

Well, of course, the thing failed, and he lost every dollar he'd put into it, which was all he had, including what he had in his pockets.
"They seized my trunks," he explained, "and I sold my fur-lined overcoat for eight dollars, which took me of the girls back home. It's hard for the women. A fellow can always get some sort of a job—I was coming up here to see if they needed an extra clerk or a waiter, or chauffeur, or anything that meant a roof and something to eat—but I suppose they don't need a jack-of-all-trades."

"No," I answered, "but I'll tell you what I think they're going to need. And that's an owner!"
I'm not making excuses. I did it for the best. If Mr. Thoburn had not been there, sitting by to see the old sanatorium die so it could sprout wings and fly as a summer hotel, I'd never have thought of it. But I was in despair.

I got up and opened the door, and the snow came in a cloud, and the path was half a foot deep again.
But the angel of providence appeared in the shape of Mike, the head man, coming down through the snow in a tearing rage. The instant I saw Mike I knew it was settled.

"Am I or am I not to give Mr. Moody a new shower?" he shouted, almost beside himself. As he came he had his overcoat over his bath costume, which was a Turkish towel.
"A new shower followed by a salt rub," said I. "He's been having them for eleven years. What's the matter?"
"That fool of a young doctor," shouted Mike, "he told him before he left that if he'd been taking them for eleven years and wasn't any better it was time to stop. Ain't business had enough—only four people in the house takin' baths regular—without his buttin' in!"

"Where's Mr. Moody?"
"In the bath. I've looked up his clothes."

"You give him a soapy shower and a salt rub," I ordered, "and if he makes a fuss just send for me, and Mike," I said, as he started out, "ask Mr. Van Alstyne to come out here immediately!"
Mr. Van Alstyne came out on the run, and when he saw Mr. Pierce by the fire—that was his name, Alan Pierce—he stopped and stared. Then he said:

"You infernal young scamp!" And with that Mr. Pierce jumped up, wet, primed and pretty mad, and Mr. Van Alstyne saw his mistake.
"I'm sure I beg your pardon!" he said. "The fact is, I'm expecting somebody else, and in the freight—"

"You surprised me, that's all," said Mr. Pierce. "Under the circumstances, I'm glad I'm not the other chap."

"You may be," asserted Mr. Sam grimly. "You're not unlike him, but I'm a little taller and heavier, but—"

Now it's all very well for Mr. Sam to say I originated the idea and all that, but as truly as I am writing this, as I watched his face I saw the same thing that I saw in Mr. Dick. He looked at Mr. Pierce up and down, and then he stared into the fire and puckered his mouth to whistle, but he didn't. And finally he glanced at me, but I was looking at the fire, too.

Mr. Sam got up and began to walk the floor, his hands in his pockets. He tried to get my eye, but still I looked in the fire.
"All traffic's held up, Minnie," he said. "The eight o'clock train is stalled beyond the junction, a drift of snow has blocked the line. I've wired the conductor, and Carter isn't on it."

"Well," said I.
"If we could only get past to-day," Mr. Sam said. "If Thoburn would only choke to death, or—if there were somebody around who looked like Dick, I dare say, by to-morrow—" He looked at Mr. Pierce, who smiled and looked at him.

"And I resemble Dick?" said Mr. Pierce. "Well, if he's a moral and upright young man—"

"He isn't!" Mr. Sam broke in savagely. "And then there he sat down and told Mr. Pierce the trouble we were in, and what sort of cheerful idiot Dick Carter was. And then Mr. Pierce took about the play and the mumps, and how he was stranded. When Mr. Sam asked him outright if

he'd take Mr. Dick's place overnight he agreed at once.
Just as they'd got it arranged that Mr. Pierce was to put on Mr. Sam's overcoat and walk down to the village so that he could come up in a sleigh, as if he had driven over from Yorkon—he was only to walk across the hall in front of the office, with his collar up, just enough to show himself, and then go to his room with a chill—just as it was all arranged, Mr. Sam thought of something.

"The house people are waiting for Dick," he said to me, "and about forty women are crocheting in the lobby, so they'll be sure to see him. Won't some of them know it isn't Dick?"
I thought pretty fast.

"He hasn't been around much lately," I said. "Nobody would know except Mrs. Wiggins. She'll never forget him; the last time he was here he put on her false front like a beard and wore it down to dinner."

"Then it's all off," he groaned. "She's got as many eyes as a potato." "And about as much sense," said I. "Fiddlesticks! She's not so good we can't replace her, and what's the use of swallowing a camel and then sticking at a housekeeper?"

"You can't get her out of the house in an hour," he objected, but in a weak voice.
"I can!" I said firmly. (I did. Inside of an hour she went to the clerk, Mr. Slocum, and handed in her resignation. She was a touchy

person, but I did not say all that was quoted. I did not say the kitchen was filthy; I only said it took away my appetite to look in at the door. But she left, which is the point.)
Well, I stood in the doorway and watched him disappear in the darkness, and I felt better than I had all day. It's great to be able to do something, even if that something is wrong. But as I put on my shawl and turned out the lights, I suddenly remembered. Miss Patty would be waiting in the lobby for Mr. Dick, and she would not be crocheting!

CHAPTER IV.
Whoever has charge of the springhouse at Hope Springs takes the new stand in the evening. That's an old rule.

After I ate my supper I relieved Amanda King, who runs the news stand in the daytime, when she laid off with the toothache. Mr. Sam was right. All the women had on their puffs, and they were sitting in a half-circle on each side of the door. Mrs. Sam was there, looking frightened and anxious, and standing near the card-room door was Miss Patty. She was all in white, with two red spots on her cheeks, and I thought if her prince could have seen her then he could pretty nearly have eaten her up.

Mr. Sam came to the news stand, and he was so nervous he could hardly light a cigarette.
"I've had a message from one of the doctors," he said. "They've traced him to Salem, Ohio, but they lost him there. If we can only hold on this evening—I isn't that the sleigh?"

Everybody had heard it. The women stood up and looked forward to look at the door. Mrs. Sam was sitting forward clutching the arms of her chair. She was in white, having laid off her black for that evening, with a red rose pinned on her so Mr. Pierce would know who she was. She was looking at Mr. Sam and I both saw it; she was in white, too, and she had a red rose tucked in her belt!

Mr. Sam muttered something and rushed at her, but he was too late. Just as he got to her the door opened and in came Mr. Pierce, with Mr. Sam's fur coat turned up around his ears and Mr. Sam's fur cap drawn well down on his head. He stood for

an instant blinking in the light, and Mrs. Van Alstyne got up nervously. He never even saw her. His eyes lighted on Miss Patty's face and stayed there. Mr. Sam was there, but what could he do? Mr. Pierce walked over to Miss Patty, took her hand, said, "Hello there!" and kissed her. It was awful.

Most women would do anything to save a scene, and that helped us, for she never turned a hair. But when Mr. Sam got him by the arm and led him toward the stairs, she turned so that the old cats sitting around could see her and her face was scarlet. She went over to the wood fire—on the lobby is a sort of big room with chairs and tables and palms, and an open fire in the winter—and sat down. I don't think she knew herself whether she was most astonished or angry.

Mrs. Biggs gave a nasty laugh. "Your brother didn't see you," she said to Mrs. Van Alstyne. "I dare say a sister doesn't count much when a future prince is around!"
Mrs. Van Alstyne was still staring up the staircase, but she came to her self at last. She had some grit in her, if she did look like a French doll.

"My brother and Miss Jennings are very old friends," she remarked quietly. I believe that was what she thought, too. I don't think she had seen the other red rose, and what was she to think but that Mr. Pierce had known Miss Jennings somewhere? She was dazed, Mr. Sam was, but she carried off the situation anyhow, and gave us time to breathe. We needed it.

"If I were his highness," said Miss Cobb, spreading the Irish lace collar she was wearing over her knee and squinting at it. "I should wish my fiancée to be more—er—dignified. Those old Austrian families are very haughty. They would not understand our American habit of education."

I was very glad that for a time anybody could have seen Miss Patty didn't kiss him.
"If by education you mean kissing, Miss Cobb," I said, going over to her, "I guess you don't remember the Austrian habit of education?"

He went over to the fireplace, where I was putting his coffee to keep it hot, and looked down at me.
"I've a suspicion, Minnie," he said, "that to use a vulgar expression, I've bitten off more than I can chew in this little undertaking, and that I'm in imminent danger of choking to death. Do you know anybody, a friend of Miss—er—Jennings, named Dorothy?"

"She's got a younger sister of that name," I said, with a sort of chill going over me. "She's in boarding school now."

"Oh, no, she's not!" he remarked, picking up the coffee-pot. "It seems that I met her on the train somewhere or other the day before yesterday, and ran off with her and married her!"
I sat back on the rug speechless. Don't tell me the way of the wicked is hard; the wicked got all the fun there is out of life, and as far as I can see, it's the respectable "in at ten o'clock and up at seven" part of the wicked's family that has all the trouble and does the worrying.

"If we could only keep it hidden for a few days!" I said. "But of course, the papers will get it, and just now, with columns every day about Miss Patty's clothes—"

"Her what?"
"And as the prince of the blood sending presents, and the king not favoring it very much—"

"What are you talking about?"
"About Miss Jennings' wedding. Don't you read the newspaper?"
He hadn't really known who she was up to that minute. He put down the tray and got up.

"I hadn't connected her with the newspaper, Miss Jennings," he said, and lit a cigarette over the hearth, and looked at them both.
"You're not going to give up now?" I asked. I got up and put my hand on his arm, and I think he was shaking. "If you do, I'll—I'll go out and drown myself, head down, in the spring."

He had been going to run away—I saw it then—but he put a hand over mine. Then he looked at the door where Miss Patty had gone out and gave himself a shake.
"I'll stay!" he said. "We'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer. Minnie. After all, what's blue blood to good red blood?"

"You look sick," I said, going over to the bed. It never does to cross them when they get to the water-bottle stage. "The pharmacy clerk's gone to a dance over at Trimble's, but I guess I can find you some whisky."

"I never touch the stuff and you both know it," he snarled. He had a fresh pain just then and stopped, clutching up the bottle. "Besides," he finished, when it was over, "I haven't got any whisky."

Well, to make a long story short, we got him to agree to some whisky from the pharmacy, with a drop of peppermint in it, if he could wash it down with spring water so it wouldn't do any harm.

I put on some stockings of Mrs. Moody's and a petticoat and a shawl and started for the spring house. It was still snowing, and part of the time Mrs. Moody's stockings were up to their knees. The wind was blowing hard, and when I rounded the corner of the house my lantern went out. I stood there in the storm, with the shawl flapping, and thinking heaven was a single woman, and about ready to go back and tell Mr. Moody what I thought of him when I looked toward the spring-house.

At first I thought it was after, then I saw that the light was coming from the windows. Somebody was inside, with a big fire and all the lights going.

I went over cautiously to one of the windows, wading in deep snow to get there—and if you have ever done that in a pair of bedroom slippers you can realize the state of my mind—and looked in.

There were three chairs drawn up in a row in front of the fire, with my head in the chair, and my hands on my cheeks, and my shepherd's plaid shawl folded at one end for a pillow. And stretched on that with her long, lean, sleek, cold laid over her was Dorothy Jennings, Miss Patty's younger sister! She was alone, as far as I could see, and she was leaning on her elbow with her cheek in her hand, staring at the fire. Just then the door into the pantry opened and out came Mr. Dick himself.

"Where you calling, honey?" he said, coming over and looking down at her. "You were such a long time!" he said, glancing up under her lashes at him. "I was lonely."

"Bless you," says Dick, stooping over her. "What did I ever do with out you?"
I could have told her a few things he did, but by that time it was coming over me pretty strong that here was the real Dicky Carter, and that I had an extra one on my hands. The minute I looked at this one I knew that nobody but a blind man would mistake one for the other, and Mr. Thoburn was blind. I tell you I stood out in that snow-bank and perspired!

Well, it was no place for me unless they knew I was around. I waded around to the door and walked in, and there was a grand upsetting of the peacock and my shepherd's plaid shawl. Mr. Dick jumped to his feet and Mrs. Dick sat bolt upright and stared at me over the backs of the chairs.

"Minnie!" cried Mr. Dick. "As I'm a married man, it's Minnie herself, Dorothy, don't you remember Minnie?" She came toward me with her hand

out. "I'm awfully glad to see you again," she said. "Of course I remember—why you are hardly dressed at all! You must be frozen!"

I went over to the fire and emptied my bedroom slippers of snow. Then I sat down and looked at them both. "Frozen!" repeated I. "I'm in a hot sweat. If you two children meant to come, why in creation didn't you come in time?"

"We did," replied Mr. Dick, promptly. "We crawled under the wire fence into the deer park at five minutes to twelve. The will said 'Be on the ground,' and I was—flat on the ground!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)



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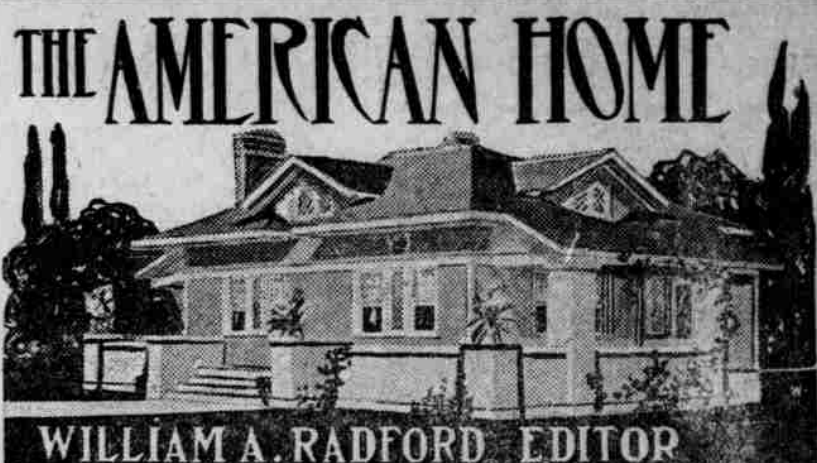
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Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 17 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Some of the best looking chimneys are the poorest in this respect. Sometimes an outside chimney will not draw well because it is too cold. When air gets heated, it naturally goes upwards; but until the chimney gets warm the current of air is not inclined to follow up through the flue. For this reason some builders refuse to put a

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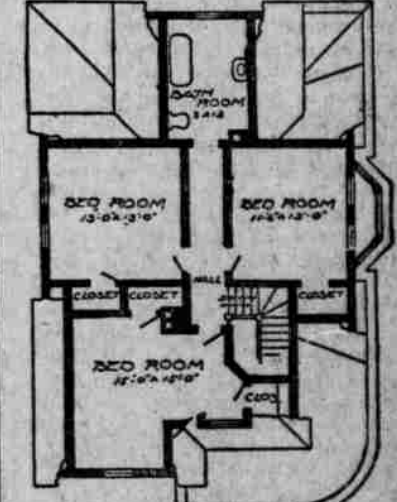
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Second Floor Plan.

chimney on an outside wall; but the fact remains that some outside chimneys work first-rate. A miter in the foothills will build a chimney for his cabin out of stone or mud, and it will work well; while a high-priced mason will spend considerable money in constructing a fine house chimney that will not accept a consignment of air at any price. It is difficult to account for some of these things.

There is an opportunity in this house to put in two grates, one in the library and one in the parlor. A great deal of attention is now being paid to grates and mantels. The new California grates are raised above the floor of the room, set upon a sort of step or pedestal. The idea is that raising the fire slightly gets it up where it may be seen to better advantage, and it is said to be a little

cleaner. Sometimes the fire step reaches out in front like a hearth, and extends on one side to the outer edge of the chimney. Architects and builders are giving more attention to grates and mantels, and the result is that some extraordinary effects are being introduced into expensive houses. It is all right to make an interesting feature of a grate and mantel; but it is all wrong to make any one thing in a house prominent above the

other.
Building a fireplace in any house is a mistake unless it is intended for use. A sham grate in a room of this kind is a mere mockery, and it is a disappointment. Shams are never satisfactory. A fireplace that is never used is a sham. It does not look well, and should never find a place in a dwelling house.

It is estimated that a house like the one here shown can be built complete, with fireplace, flues and registers, for from about \$1,800 to \$2,000; and this estimate is probably correct for most localities. Of course, wages and cost of material are very much higher in some places than others, and this must be taken into consideration in studying house plans and estimates.

Metal Soles for Farm Shoes.
Shoes with aluminum soles are now made for farmers and laborers who are required to wade in water or over damp floors. The top of the shoe is of leather and the sole is a continuous piece of aluminum which covers the entire bottom and folds up along the sides. Between the sole and the metal is a heavy felt insole, and the heel has a core of wood to decrease the weight. Lack of flexibility in the sole is made up for by a bar under the ball of the foot, which gives a buoyant roll to the step and prevents flat-footed walking. Aluminum is used in preference to any other metal because it combines lightness with great durability, the soles wearing longer than rubber and being more impervious to water. The shoes are made in three heights and are comparatively inexpensive.—Popular Mechanics.

Their Money's Worth.
"I wonder why the collection is always taken up at our church before the sermon?" said little Bertie Green. "Why, don't you know?" asked little Sammy Black, with a slight assumption of superiority. "That's so the preacher can tell how good a sermon he preached."

Senatorial Definition.
Hoke Smith who, in addition to being a United States senator, was for many years president of the board of education of Atlanta, received a visit one afternoon from a Georgian who wanted his indorsement for a government job. Mr. Smith was as genial and cheery as a fine day in June, and the job seeker was greatly encouraged because he had already secured the indorsement of many other senators. After he had finished his explanation of what he wanted,

the senator observed urbanely: "My dear boy, I bear not the slightest grudge against you, but I can't forget that you have opposed me for the last six years."—Popular Magazine.

The Reason.
"That banker who annoyed that he could not leave his wren's companion to float in the water while he took a swim."
"Being a financier, he might have known that a woman would not float alone."

HAVE TO HEAR THE REPORT

Caseball Pitchers Not Satisfied Unless They Can Note the Impact of the Ball.

Once upon a time there was a pitcher in a certain league who was regarded as a star. And the reason for his success was this:
He always warmed up with a certain catcher. It was this catcher's duty to receive the ball in such a manner that a loud report sounded across the field every time the ball struck the mitt. The pitcher, hearing these loud reports, would smile and feel contented and confident. He knew then that he had speed. And the ball striking the glove did not produce a noise like a crack of a Springfield rifle the pitcher was ineffective.

This may sound like a fable, but it is far from such. There are two veteran catchers who will remember this pitcher. One of the old-timers used to catch him in practice and recalls the effect of the loud reports.
This incident is not a dead and bur-

ied part of the past. Parallel cases can be found today, and the custom is growing of demanding for the loud noise in warm-up games as the coming of the "Fourth of July" glove.

A recruit was warming up the other day. He became wild and looked worried. The catcher tried to steady him and failed.
"What's the matter?" asked the catcher.
"They don't crack," replied the pitcher.

"Wait till I haul out the 'Fourth of July' glove!"
The catcher brought out another glove. It has a thick leather covering. The minute the new glove came into use the warming up exercise produced a noise like artillery practice. The pitcher got his control, smiled in satisfaction, and showed much speed and plenty of curves.

And why shouldn't this be? Our popular magazines and newspapers are filled these days with essays on the psychology of baseball. If there is psychology in baseball, surely this comes under that head.

He and She.
"With a woman, it isn't what a man looks. It's what he says—and does."